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The National SUNDAY MAGAZINE

SEMI-MONTHLY SECTION OF

THE **ILLUSTRATED**
BUFFALO  **EXPRESS**

Section
Nine

Buffalo, N. Y.

Sunday, May 23, 1915

*The Rivers and Harbors
Investigating Committee*



— R. M. BRINKERHOFF —

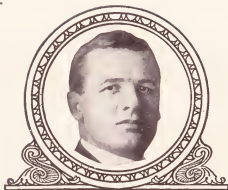
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A MAGAZINE for your READING TABLE

Current Comment Page



Hugh Chalmers

The National Sunday Magazine Section

The Dynamo of Business

By Hugh Chalmers

DISTRIBUTION is the greatest problem of business. It is a problem that directly affects all the people. If an article, needed by the public, can be put on the market, and because of wide distribution be sold at a low price, the public is benefited.

The manufacture of an article is a definite thing. The manufacturer first must have money. With money he can put up buildings; he can equip the buildings with machinery; he can buy raw materials and can make the article that he wants to market. If he can make one article right, he can make ten thousand just like it, because in the making of an article he is dealing with things that he can control, that is, money, materials, machinery and men. The thing that he finds the hardest to control is the market.

It is here that the human element enters into the problem.

If you can sell one thing it does not necessarily follow that you can sell ten thousand just like it. In the making of an article you are dealing with something definite. In the selling of it you are dealing with something that you cannot control. The number of things you can sell depends wholly upon your marketing ability.

It is because marketing an article is so important, not only to the manufacturer but to the public, that advertising has come to be of such tremendous interest to all the people.

Advertising is one of the chief factors in the distribution or marketing of any product. The public is beginning to appreciate that advertising is a help in distribution, because the consumer is buying articles at a less cost. "It would be possible if the same articles were not nationally advertised. Advertising stimulates sales. It helps build businesses more rapidly than they could be built without it."

How the Public Profits

THE public furthermore benefits by national advertising because the day has gone by when articles of doubtful value can be nationally advertised with any great success. No manufacturer today can in his advertising exaggerate the merits of his goods and mislead the public. The public would try his goods once, find them not up to their advertised value and would not re-order. The manufacturer would not get his money back, hence his advertising would be a loss.

So the only manufacturer who can afford to spend large sums in advertising is the manufacturer who is making honest goods and selling them at a fair profit. It is being made more plain every day that advertising is not a burden on the purchasing public. The manufacturer who does not advertise is not able to produce a better article for a lower selling price than one who does. On the contrary.

An advertisement is really a contract between the advertiser and the purchaser. The medium which carries the advertising is also a party to this contract.

The manufacturer says to the public, "Here are my goods. I show my faith in them by spending money in this space to tell you about them. The publisher shows his faith in my goods because he takes my advertising. He would not take my advertising if he did not know that I had a good article that would give satisfaction. He cannot afford to antagonize his readers by presenting to them in his advertising pages commodities that are not up to what the manufacturer says about them."

THE publisher practically says to his readers, "Buy the goods advertised in this issue. I know that they are good goods or I would not allow them to be advertised in the pages of my publication."

Some publishers go so far as to guarantee all the advertising that appears in their columns. If the purchaser is dissatisfied with an article which he buys as a result of the advertising in these publications, he can write to the manufacturer, and if the manufacturer will not give him the proper redress the publisher will. It is this sort of co-operation between the manufacturer and the publisher that is making advertising such a great force.

The public has come to have confidence in advertised goods, and confidence is the cornerstone upon which all great businesses are built.

Supports Literature

ADVERTISING has come to be such a tremendous power that many of our best publications could not exist without the continued advertising patronage of the manufacturer. Because of this advertising patronage they are able to give the public better publications at a less price than they could possibly do without advertising.

Another big thing that advertising is doing for the public is putting people in out-of-the-way places in touch with the latest and best comforts and conveniences. Things that are invented and manufactured for lightening household labor, business saving devices, things of interest to sick people and thousands of other things are, through advertising, brought to the attention of people all over the country in remarkably short time. If a man in New York invents some new way for lightening the labor of the housewife, the woman in the farthest corner of Texas finds out about it and is able to buy it and benefit by its use in a few days after it is put on the market. Without advertising it might be a year or longer before she would even hear about it.

I have touched above on just a few of the ways in which advertising directly affects all the people. In the next few years the public will come to have a better understanding of what advertising is accomplishing for the country.

Hugh Chalmers.



Great!!

THAT'S the verdict of users of Gem Damaskene Blades—a blade that adds a new delight to the morning shave—the keen cutting edge glides over the face with a velvety smoothness, though the beard is wiry and the skin sensitive.

Gem Damaskene Blades, 7 for 35c
(50c in Canada)



"Many, many quite contrary
how does Pops beard grow?"
It's tough and thick
But comes off quick
With GEM DAMASKEENE you know!"
—One Dollar—



Introduce yourself to a Gem Damaskene Razor today—you'll be friends for life.

ALL LIVE DEALERS

GEM CUTLERY CO., Inc., NEW YORK
Canadian Branch: 591 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal

The GEM is different—better than the average so-called "Safety Razor."



\$1.00
Complete set, with 7 blades in handsome case.

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ALL WRITINGS AND ILLUSTRATIONS DONE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE NATIONAL SUNDAY MAGAZINE

THE WAR'S LEGACY OF HATE

BY WALTER ADOLPHE ROBERTS

Drawing by Adrien Machefer

A FEW months ago, idealists bent hopefully over their paper plans for the federation of the world. There really was

such a thing as an international movement, apart from Socialist utopianism. Every nation had its pacifists, its anti-militarists. The men who tried to give us arbitration in place of war were encouraged by cynical diplomats to think that The Hague might some day house a Parliament superior to Czars, Unites and Kings. The Kaisers of Europe were to be the first step. It is the obvious thing to point out that the volcano that we call the Great War of 1914 has shattered their temple, so that not one stone stands upon another. But afterward, can they rebuild?

It will be generations before we can mark a step of progress. For whereas, up to last year the common people of Europe were more or less in sympathy with the ideas of peace and brotherhood, they are now fiercely nationalistic. The present struggle is only the East-Asian in a warfare that they intend to wage to the hilt of the knife. Trade boycotts have been planned and are already being put into force as far as possible. The very "intellectuals" are campaigning against the language, the literature, the art and music of their political enemies.

In short, racial hatreds have been revived with an intensity unparalleled in civilized times.

PERSONS living in neutral countries will only begin to realize the extent of this spiritual disaster when the war is over. But those who, like myself, have been in Europe before and since the outbreak of hostilities are oppressed by it now, today. It is a phenomenon that by no means follows closely the lines drawn by the war. Russia and Turkey have no part in it. They and their opponents are battling in a normal, impersonal way. Japan is geographically so far removed that although recriminations are plentiful, deep feeling is possible by or against her. But Frenchmen and Belgians hate the Germans as mailed bullies who have outraged them beyond forgiveness. Austro-Hungarians regard the Slavs of the Balkans with the shuddering loathing that a man might bestow upon a snake. And, over and above all, the entire German nation is delirious with a foaming, Berserk fury against England. Observe that I have not said that Germans hate Frenchmen or that Englishmen hate Germans. They do not. In both cases, there is an arrogant presumption of superiority that precludes the sentiment. But since they are both objects of detestation, when the cannons are silenced, they will perforce accept the new game thrown down.

At the time of the dedication of war, Parisians relieved their feelings by smashing shops bearing German names and mobbing Germans foolishly enough to appear in the streets. There was no real hatred here, these new mobs which would have occurred in any Latin community on which a crisis had been forced overnight. But all at once, the preparedness of the enemy took on the aspect of a grim treachery toward France. It became known that many of the German reservists who had returned home had been spies. Stories of desertion drifted in. The utterances of poets, journalists and orators suddenly acquired an almost mystical significance, and the great war was born. One records such facts. One cannot explain them. The Napoleonic Wars, devastating as they were, lit no such flame of passion as every subsequent war in this conflict has nurtured in France and Belgium. The following are some of its results:

After the victory of the Marne, but while President Poincaré and his cabinet were still at Bordeaux, the Government ordered the sequestration of all German

and Austrian property in France. This meant the seizing not only of real estate, but of every business establishment and residence owned by an alien enemy, of effects left in rented premises and of goods paid for and awaiting delivery. It was confiscation, for although the sequestered property is still intact under the Government's seal, it is not denied that the intention is to sell it after the war for the benefit of France.

Germany, of course, has replied in kind; and both sides have passed laws forever prohibiting their enemies in this war from becoming citizens, and empowering the respective Governments to revoke naturalization papers already issued.

The undermining of the business relations of the future is being diligently pushed forward. If it were being done by act of Parliament, it would not be so bad; for laws can be repealed. But it is being made an issue of patriotism, and sentiment thus aroused will not easily die out. Newspapers throughout France have adopted a standing headline: "Down with German Commerce!" In the daily column devoted to the crusade, they work upon the emotions of their readers, in preference to emphasizing cold facts and figures.

"SHALL our little ones play with dolls made by the hands that have shed the blood of French children?" asked one writer. It was answered instantly by two young girls, Mlle. Brunet, a school teacher, and Mlle. Gournay, a stenographer, who collected one thousand francs among their friends and opened a workshop for the manufacture of French dolls. Had it not been for the passionate phrase coined by a nameless journalist, which they quoted with telling effect, they might have had hard sledding. As it was, they won success at a stroke and blazed the way for scores of imitators. It is a good thing that cheap German toys should be replaced by the far more artistic home product; but that the playthings of children should become symbols of hate is not so good.

In the world of art and science, the anti-German feeling is at white heat. The directors of the National Opera in Paris have voted never again to produce a work composed by a Teuton. In approving this decision, M. Alfred Capus, Academician, dramatist and co-editor of the *Figaro*, wrote that while the war did not blind him to the fact that Wagner was the greatest operatic genius that had ever lived, his detestation of the dead composer's nationality was relatively much more profound than the enjoyment he might get from his music.

The Société des Artistes Français and the Société des Beaux Arts, which hold the big Spring Salons, announced formally last October that thereafter they would decline to show pictures by Germans and Austrians. The Autumn Salon, which has made it a point to encourage foreign exhibitors and has depended

"The swine-dogs," ran the record of abysmal hate," the vile, unseparable English!"

largely upon exploiting the Munich school of art, hung back, but was quickly forced by a hurricane of protest to take the same step.

Serious attempts have been made to outlaw the teaching of the German language and the sale of German books. The Government is, of course, too liberal to yield to clamor of this kind, but private schools have gained much prestige by advertising that German has been removed from the curriculum, while no bookseller in Paris would be rash enough to display a volume in the hated tongue.

Lost the impression should obtain that the Latin hatred of Germany is confined to the ignorant and the untalented, consider the utterances of three of the most brilliant men in French and Belgian literature—Anatole France, Gustave Hervé and Maurice Maeterlinck—all of them sincere anti-militarists and believers in human brotherhood, before the war:

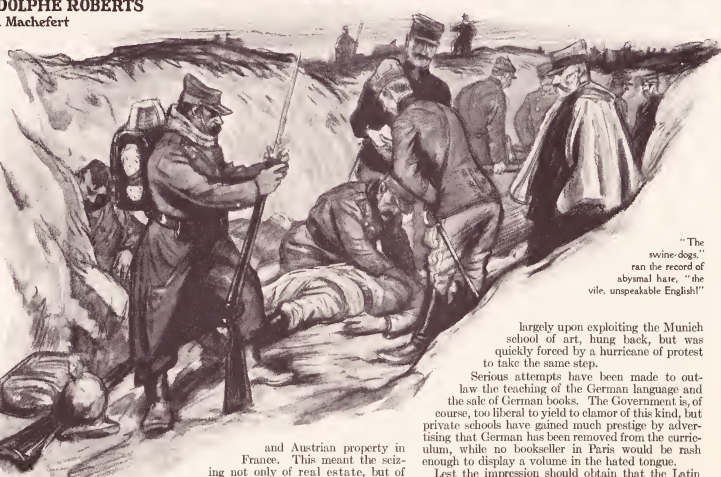
"As for the 'appeal of the German intellectuals to the civilized world,' I regard it as a monstrous farce," cried Anatole France, in *Le Petit Parisien*, referring to the well-known document signed, among others, by the novelists Hauptmann and Sudermann, the philosopher Rudolf Eucken and the zoologist Ernst Haeckel. "It digs a great gulf, which can never be bridged, between Germany and the rest of Europe. It is almost incredible that men of standing in science, art and letters should have defended and glorified Prussian militarism. By doing so they have proved themselves to be more odious than the brutes they set out to justify."

COMMENTING on a sentence in the same German "appeal"—"Without our militarism, our civilization would have been destroyed long ago"—Gustave Hervé, *aflame*, beside himself, wrote in his own paper, *La Guerre Sociale*: "After that, fire into the thick of them, without scruples!"

And the Belgian, Maeterlinck, the gentle Maeterlinck of *The Life of the Bee* and *Treasures of the Humble*, had this to say in an article that he gave last September to the press of Europe:

"When the hours shall have come for settling accounts, we shall have forgotten much of what we have suffered, and a blame-worthy pity will creep over us and cloud our eyes. We shall be told that the unfortunate German people were merely the victims of their monarch and their feudal castles; that no blame attaches to the Germany we know, that it is so sympathetic and cordial, the Germany of quaint old houses and open-hearted greeting, the Germany that sits under its lime trees beneath the clear light of the moon—but only to Prussia, hateful, arrogant Prussia; that the homely, peace-loving Bavarian, the genial, hospitable dwellers on the banks of the Rhine, the Silesian and Saxon and I know not who besides—for all these who suddenly have become whiter than snow and more inoffensive than the sheep in an English fold—that they all have merely obeyed, been compelled to obey, orders that they detested but were unable to resist.

"We are face to face with reality now; let us look at it well, and pronounce our sentence; for this is the moment when we hold the proofs in our hands, when the elements of crime are hot before us, and shout out the truth that soon will fade from our memory (he had presented evidence of atrocities perpetrated in Belgium). Let us tell our (Continued on page 451)



• MISSING • PAGE THIRTEEN

BY ANNA KATHARINE GREEN

Illustrations by Ernest Fuhr

VIOLET STRANGE is called in at midnight, as a detective, to explain the mysterious disappearance of an important page of manuscript in the Van Broecklyn mansion. It is necessary that the mystery be solved before daybreak, suspicion resting upon young Cornell, fiancé of Miss Digby, heiress and guest at the mansion. The facts in the case are set before Miss Strange. She decides that the manuscript has slipped through a narrow crack at the bottom of a walled-up doorway, and determines to explore an underground passage in order to recover it. She makes a frightful discovery, as a result of which Mr. Van Broecklyn resolves to uncloset the family skeletons.

"I SHALL have to begin," said he, when they were all seated and ready to listen, "by giving you some idea, not so much of the family tradition, as of the effect of this tradition, upon all who have the name of Van Broecklyn. This is not the only house, even in America, which contains a room shut away from intrusion. In England there are many. But there is this difference between most of them and ours. No bars or locks forcibly held shut the door were forbidden to open. The command was enough; that and the superstitious fear which such a command, attended by a long and unquestioning obedience, was likely to engender.

"I know no more than you do why some early ancestor laid his ban upon this room. But from my earliest years I was given to understand that there was one hitch in the house which was never to be lifted; that any fault would be forgiven sooner than that; that the honor of the whole family stood in the way of disobedience, and that I was to preserve that honor to my dying day. You will say that all this is fantastic, and wonder that some people in these times should subject themselves to such a ridiculous restriction, especially when no good reason was alleged, and the very source of the tradition from which it sprung forgotten. You are right; but if you look long into human nature, you will see that the bonds which hold the firmest are not material ones—that an idea will make a man and mould a character—that it lies at the source of all heroisms and is to be courted or feared as the case may be.

"For me it possessed a power proportionate to my loneliness. I don't think there was ever a more lonely child. My father and mother were so unhappy in each other's companionship that one or the other of them was almost always away. But I saw little of either even when they were at home. The constraint in their attitude toward each other, affected their conduct toward me. I have asked myself more than once if either of them had any real affection for me. To my father I spoke of her; to her of him; and never pleasantly. This I am free to say, or you cannot understand my story. Would to God I could tell another tale! Would that I had such memories as other men have of a father's dash, a mother's kiss—but not my grief, already profound, might have become abysmal. Perhaps it is best as it is; only, I might have been a different child, and made for myself a different fate—who knows.

"AS IT WAS I was thrown almost entirely upon my own resources for any amusement. This led me to a discovery I made one day. In a far part of an cellar behind some heavy casks, I found a little door. It was so low—so exactly fitted to my small body, that I had the greatest desire to enter it. But I could not get around the casks. At last an expedient occurred to me. We had an old servant who came nearer loving me than anyone else. One day when I chanced to be alone in the cellar, I took out my belt and began throwing it about. Finally it landed behind the casks, and I ran to Michael with a beehiving cry, to move them.

"It was a task requiring no little strength and address, but he managed, after a time to shift them aside and I saw with delight my way opened to that mysterious little door. But it did not approach it then, some instinct deterred me. But when the opportunity came to me to venture there alone, I did so, in the most adventurous spirit, and began my operations by sliding behind the casks and testing the handle of the little door. It turned, and after a pull or two, yielded. With my heart in my mouth,

I stooped and peered in. I could see nothing—a black hole and nothing more. This caused me to hesitate. I was afraid of the dark—had always been. But curiosity and the spirit of adventure triumphed. Saying to myself that I was Robinson Crusoe exploring the cave, I crawled in, only to find that I had gained nothing. It was as dark inside as it had looked to be from without.

"THERE was no fun in this, so I crawled back, and when I tried the experiment again, it was with a bit of candle in my hand, and a surreptitious match or two. What I saw when with a very tremulous little hand I had lighted one of the matches, would have been disappointing to most boys, but not to me. The litter and old boards lying in odd corners about me, was full of possibilities, while in the dimness beyond I seemed to perceive a sort of staircase which might lead—? I do not think I made any attempt to answer that question even in my own mind; but when, with some trepidation and a sense of great daring, I finally crept up those steps, I remember very well my sensation at finding myself in front of a narrow closed door. It suggested too vividly the one in grandfather's little room—the door in the wainscot which we were never to open. I had my first real trembling fit here, and at once fascinated and repelled by this obstruction, I stumbled and lost my candle, which going out in the fall, left me in total darkness and a very frightened state of mind. For my imagination which had been greatly stirred by my own vague thoughts of the forbidden room, immediately began to people the space about me with ghoulish shapes. How should I escape them; how ever reach my own little room again undetected and in safety?

"But those feelings, deep as they were, were nothing to the real fight which seized me when, the darkness finally leaved, and the way found back into the bright, wide-open halls of the house, I became conscious of having dropped something besides the candle. My match-box was gone—not my match-box, but my grandfather's which I had found lying on his table and carried off in this adventure, in all the confidence of irresponsible youth. To make use of it for a little while, trusting to his not missing it in the confusion I had noticed about the house that morning, was one thing; to lose it was another. It was no common box. Made of gold and cherished for some special reason well known to himself, I had often heard him say that some day I would appreciate its value and be glad to own it. And I had left it in that hole and at any minute he might miss it,—possibly ask for it! The day was one of torment. My mother was away or shut up in her room. My father—I don't know just what thoughts I had about him. He was not to be seen either, and the servants cast strange looks at me when I spoke his name. But I little realized the blow which had just fallen upon the house in his definite departure, and only thought of my own trouble, and

of how I should meet, my grandfather's eye when the hour came for him to draw me to his knee for his usual goodnight.

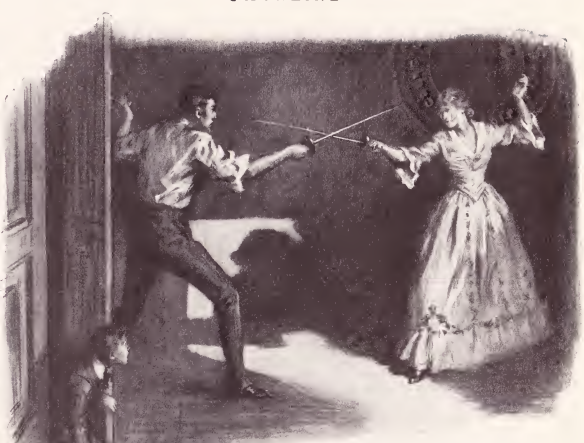
"That I was spared this ordeal for the first time this very night, first comforted me, then added to my distress. He had discovered his loss and was angry. On the morrow he would ask me for the box and I would have to lie, for never could I find the courage to tell him where I had been. Such an act of presumption he would never forgive, or so I thought as I lay and shivered in my little bed. That his coldness, his neglect, sprang from the discovery just made that my mother as well as my father had just fled the house forever, was as little known to me as the morning calamity. I had been given to my usual tendence and was tucked safely into bed; but the gloom, the silence which presently settled upon the house had a very different explanation in my mind from the real one. My sin (for such it loomed large in my mind by this time) colored the whole situation and accounted for every event.

"At what hour I slipped from my bed on to the cold floor, I shall never know. To me it seemed to be in the dead of night; but I doubt if it was more than ten—so slowly creep away the moments to a wakeful child. I had made a great resolve. Awful as the prospect seemed to me,—frightened as I was by the very thought,—I had determined in my small mind to go down into the cellar, and into that midnight hole again, in search of the lost box. I would take a candle and matches, this time given my own mantle-shelf, and if everyone was asleep, as appeared from the deathly quiet of the house, I would be able to go and come without anybody ever being the wiser.

"DRESSING in the dark, I found my matches and candle and, putting them in one of my pockets, softly opened my door and looked out. Nobody was stirring; every light extinguished except a solitary one in the lower hall. That this still burned conveyed no meaning to my mind. How could I know that the house was so still and the rooms so dark because everyone was out searching for some clue to my mother's flight? If I had looked at the clock—but I did not; I was too intent upon my errand, too filled with the fever of my desperate undertaking, to be affected by anything that did not bear directly upon it.

"Of the terror caused by my own shadow on the wall as I made the turn in the hall below, I have as keen a recollection as though it happened yesterday. But that did not deter me, nothing deterred me. Still safe in the cellar, I crouched down behind the casks to get my breath again before entering the hole beyond.

"I had made some noise in feeling my way around these casks, and I trembled for fear these sounds had been heard upstairs! But the sounds I then heard myself, choked this fear by a far greater one. Rats! rats in the wall rats on the cellar bottom. How I ever stirred from the spot I do not know, but when I



"A duel! A duel to the death between this husband and wife, within sight and hearing of their child!"

did stir, it was to go forward, and enter the uneasy lode.

"I had intended to light my candle when I got inside; but for some reason I went stumbling along in the dark, following the wall till I got to the steps where I had dropped the box. How a light was necessary, but my hand did not go to my pocket. I thought it better to climb the steps first, and softly one foot found the tread and then another. I had only three more to climb and then my right hand, now feeling its way along the wall, would be free to strike a match. Feeling that the three steps and was steering myself against the wall for a final plunge, when something happened—something so unexpected and incredible that I wonder I did not shriek aloud in terror. The door was moving under my hand. It was slowly opening inward. I could feel the chill made by the widening crack. Moment by moment this chill increased; the gap was growing—a presence was there—a presence before which I sank a small heap upon the landing. Would it advance? Had it feet?—hands? Was it a presence which could be felt?"

"Whatever it was, it made no attempt to pass, and presently I lifted my head only to quake anew at the sound of a voice—a human voice—my mother's voice—so near me that by putting out my arms I might have touched her.

"She was speaking to my father. I knew it from the tone. She was saying words which, little understood by me, were made such a habit in my youthful mind that I have never forgotten them.

"**"I HAVE come,"** she said. "They think I have fled the house and are looking far and wide for me. We shall not be disturbed. Who would think of looking here for either you or me."

"**"Here!"** The word sank like a plummet in my breast. I had known for some few minutes that I was on the threshold of the forbidden room; but they were in it. I can scarcely make you understand the tumult which this awe in my brain. Somehow, I had never thought that any such bravado of a mother's law could be possible.

"I heard my father's answer, but it conveyed no meaning to me. I also realized that he spoke from a distance,—that he was at one end of the room while we were at the other. I was presently to have this idea confirmed, for while I was striving with my night and main to subdue my very heart-throbs so that she would not hear me or suspect my presence, the darkness yielded to a flash of lightning—heat lighting, all glare and no sound—and I caught an instantaneous vision of my father standing with gleaming things about him which affected me at the moment as supernatural, but which, in later years, I decided to have been weapons hanging on a wall.

"She saw him too, for she gave a quick laugh and said they would not need any candles; and then, and then, there was another flash and I saw something in his hand and something in hers, and though I did not yet understand, I felt myself turning deathly sick and gave a choking gasp which lost in the back of my mind the center of the room, and the keenness of her swift low cry.

"**"Garde-toi!"** for only one of us will ever leave this room alive!"

"A duell a duel to the death between this husband and wife—a father and mother—in this hole of dead angles and within the night—this beyond the eye! Has Satan ever devised a scheme more hideous for ruining the life of an eleven year old boy!"

"Not that I took it all in at once. I was too innocent and much too dazed to comprehend such hatred, much less the passions which engendered it. I only felt the something horrible—something beyond the conception of my childish mind; was going to take place in the darkness before me; and the terror of it made me speechless; would to God it had struck me dead!"

"She had dashed from her corner and he had slid away from his, and now they stood in the fantastic glare which lit up the room. It also showed the weapons in their hands, and for a moment I felt reassured when I saw that these were swords, for I had seen them before with foils in their hands, practicing for exercise, as they said, in the great pariet. But the swords had buttons on them, and this time the tips were sharp and shone in the keen light.

"An exclamation from her and a growl of rage from him were followed by movements I could scarcely hear, but which were terrifying from their very stealthiness.

Then the sound of a clash. The swords had crossed.

"Had the lightning flashed then, the end of one of them might have occurred. But the darkness remained undisturbed and when the glare ried the great room again, they were already far apart. This induced a word from him—the only time he spoke—I can never forget it.

"Rhoda, there is blood on your sleeve; I have wounded you. Shall we call it off and fly, as the poor creatures in there think we have, to the opposite ends of the earth?"

"I almost spoke; I almost added my childish plea to his for them to stop to repentance me and stop. But not a muscle in my throat responded to my agonized effort. Her cold, clear 'No!' fell before my tongue was loosed or my heart freed from the ponderous weight crushing it.

"I have vowed and I keep my promises," she went on in a tone quite strange to me. "What would either's life be worth with the other alive and happy in this world."

"He made no answer; and those subtle movements—shadows of movements I might almost call them, recommenced. Then there came a sudden cry, shrill and poignant—had grandfather been in his room he would surely have heard it—and the flash coming almost simultaneously with its utterance, I saw what has haunted my sleep from that day to this, my father pinned against the wall, sword still in hand, and before

"I awoke after a terrible dream which forced from my lips the cry of 'Mother! Mother!'"



him my mother, triumphant, her staring eyes fixed on his and—

"Nature could bear no more; the hand loosened from my throat; the oppression lifted from my breast long enough for me to give one wild wail and she turned, saw, heaven sent its flashes quickly at this moment) and recognizing my childish form, all the horror of her deed (or so I have fondly hoped) rose within her, and she gave a start and fell full upon the point upturned to receive her. A groan; then a gasping sigh from him, and silent settling upon the floor and upon my senses. * * * * *

"That is my story, friends. Do you wonder that I have never been or lived like other men?"

* * * * *

After a few moments of sympathetic silence, Mr. Van Brocklyn went on to say:

"My parents both lay dead on the floor of that great room. When I came to myself—which may have been soon, and may not have been for a long while—the lightning had ceased to flash, leaving the darkness stretching like a blank pall between me and the spot in which were concentrated all the terrors of which my imagination was capable. I dared not enter it. I dared not take one step that way. My instinct was to fly and hide my trembling body again in my own bed. And associated with this, in fact dominating it

and making me dead before my time, was another instinct—never to tell, never to let anyone, least of all my grandfather, know what that forbidden room now contained. I felt in an indefinable sort of way that the honor of my parents was at stake. Besides terror held me back; I felt that I should die if I spoke. Childhood has such terrors and such heroisms. Silence often covers such, abysses of thought and feeling which astonish us in later years. There is no suffering like that of a child terrified by a secret which it dare not for some reason disclose.

"Events aided me. When, in desperation to see once more the light and the things which linked me to life—my little bed—the toys on the window-sill—my squirrel in its cage—I forced myself to retrace the empty house, expecting at every turn to hear my father's voice or to come upon the image of my mother. Yes, such was the confusion of my mind, though I knew well enough even then that they were dead and that I should never again hear the one or see the other— I was so benumbed with the cold in my half-dressed condition, that I awoke in a fever next morning after a terrible dream which forced from my lips the cry of 'Mother! Mother!'"

"You see I was cautious even in delirium. This delirium and my flushed cheeks and shining eyes led them to be very careful of me. I was told that my mother was away from home, and when after two days of search they were quite sure that all efforts to find either her or my father were fruitless, they decided to prove fruitless. I was informed that she had gone to Europe where we would follow her on my recovery. This promise, offering as it did a prospect of immediate release from the terrors which were consuming me, had an extraordinary effect upon my mind. I got up out of bed saying that I was well now and ready to start. The doctor, finding my pulse normal, and my whole condition wonderfully improved, and attributing it, as was natural, to my hope of soon joining my mother, advised that my whim be humored and this hope kept active, till travel and intercourse with children should give me strength and prepare me for the truth ultimately awaiting me. His advice was heeded, and in twenty-four hours our preparations were made. We saw the house closed—with what emotions surging in one small breast, I leave you to imagine—and then started on our long tour. For five years we wandered over the Continent, my grandfather finding distraction, as well as myself, in foreign scenes and fresh associations.

"**"BUT** return was inevitable. And what I suffered on returning to this house! Had any discovery been made in our absence; or would it be made now that renovation and repairs were necessary? Time finally answered in the negative. My secret was safe and likely to continue so, and this fact once settled, life became endurable, if not cheerful. Since then I have spent only two nights out of this house, and they were unavoidable. When my grandfather died I had the wainscot door cemented in. It was done from this side and the other side, so that the door would never be opened. The door nor have I ever crossed its threshold. Sometimes I think I have been foolish; and sometimes I know that I have been very wise. My reason has stood firm; how do I know that it would have done so if I had subjected myself to the possible discovery that one or both of them might have been saved if I had disclosed instead of concealing my adventure."

* * * * *

A pause during which expressions of horror had focused on every face; then with a final glance at Violet, and in a voice half hesitant, half filled with appeal, he said:

"What would you see to this story, Miss Strange?"

"I ask the sequel, I leave you to picture the future."

Rising, she let her eye travel from face to face till it rested on the one awaiting it, when she answered

"If some morning in the new column there should appear an account of the auction of the contents of the Van Brocklyn's having burned to the ground, the whole country would mourn, and the city feel defrauded of one of its treasures. But there are five persons who would see in it the sequel which you ask for." When this happened, as it did happen, some few years later, the astonishing discovery was made that no insurance had been put upon the great gray mansion or upon the treasures with which it was filled. Why was it that after such a loss Mr. Van Brocklyn seemed to renew his youth? It was a constant source of comment among his friends.



MOONGWE the SON-DAUGHTER

BY GRACE M^{ac} GOWAN COOKE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
MAYNARD DIXON



I.
SEVEN

THE SUN BEAT DOWN on the mesa. A procession of old women with ollas climbed the steep trail toward its rim. The blind basketmaker was one of these, and she found her way up the winding stone stair with marvelous deftness, carrying both her water-jug and a great sash in the bight of her shawl, with the head drawn tight across the forehead, the head plainly bent like that of a draft-horse.

Moongwe came running down the slope in the sun, running to the field where the clan father sat in a shelter made of wilting green boughs and watched that no marauding donkeys strayed into the crops. The old man was wasted and brown, naked save for his breech cloth; but the small boy had a square apron of cloth depending from his shoulders, hanging down his back, such as the girls among his people wear. Upon this the elder's glance rested as the small boy pulled up beside him and announced an intention of assisting in the crop-watching.

"How shouldst thou watch crops?" inquired the clan father. "It is a man's work—or a boy's. Thou art the daughter of thy mother. Get back to the house and grind the meal; make ready the beans!"

The boy pulled sullenly at the little cloth across his shoulders, badge of servitude, sign and symbol of his evil destiny, as a fated man-woman.

"I hate it," he burst out at last, tearing off the small *manta* with sudden resolution, flinging it down and setting a foot on it. "Why do they make a woman of me?"

The old man smoked silently and stared out across the desert where the dust devils gyrated above the trail. The boy regarded him hopefully. This was the clan father, very old and wise, and when the ceremonies were held he was Master of the Kiva—its priest. Surely he could explain wherefore a son is sometimes made a female slave!

"Who was the first man-woman?" the insurgent asked of this source of all knowledge.

He stood now naked, and very much happier, while the old man smoked out his corn-lusk cigar, and bent and rolled another of the sweet native tobacco. Without seeming to note the boy at all, the ancient began to speak in that odd, inverted half voice which belongs to the Hopi.

"The first man-woman was child of the sun and the laughing water. The Colorado swelled great with the snows, laughed and leaped; the sun took her in his arms, and their child was a mighty hero. In our next *hachina* dance you may see him. He comes again to earth in the dances."

By this time seven-year-old Moongwe was squatted down listening, his eyes like stars, shaking the thick black locks back, forgetful of the hated square of cloth crumpled in the dust before him. Here was a marvel—a man-woman who was child of the gods, and a hero! In the village, such boys as elected to don female dress and grow up into men-women were made

dragées of; the hardest work was put on them. "Ahi—Ahi! Little Moongwe, the owl, is that something brave to hear? Thou hast eyes now to match thy name," jested the old man. "Listen, then; this hero fought a great fight once and went home with the Hopi people to feast; but he became so noisy he was so quarrelsome, that the rulers caught him and put women's clothes on him to tame his spirit. That was the first man-woman, little son."

Moongwe returned to his own grievance.

"I have not been noisy. I am never quarrelsome," he asserted with dignity. "I am a good man. They should not make a woman of me."

The clan father looked humorously at the *manta* in the dust. "Art thou not disobedient?" he asked. "Peace, thou small splinter," reaching a soft, swift brown hand to stroke the rebellious black locks into place. "Has your mother any daughters? Has she any child but Moongwe? You must be her son-daughter; for were you to grow up a man, what would happen when the time came for you to marry and go to the home of your wife and be your mother's son no longer?"

MOONGWE choked and struggled with the big proposition. A Hopi boy loves his mother. He may love his father; but he is liable to know nothing of him. Descent is counted through the maternal side. To the woman belongs house, fields, flocks, and her children; but when her sons marry they go to the clan of the wife, and are lost to her, the daughters remaining to hold such limited ownership as their clan life permits. Before this boy's birth, his father had deserted the mother, because of the blindness which came upon her, as it does upon many desert dwellers. The child was her one hope. She prayed that it might be a daughter who would never leave her, and when a son was born she vowed him from infancy to the bleak, self-abetting life of the *tabawukti*, or man-woman, that anomalous creature who, twenty-five years ago, lived in every Indian pueblo—village drudge, clan support and strength when the young men go from it, wearing a woman's dress, doing the heavier part of the woman's work, building, plastering, laying up walls and fireplaces, unbidden in communal feasts by the

woman's shackle and crown of motherhood. He had seen these pitiful beings dressed for the grave in the attire of men, laid dead on the sheepskin, in the garb that life denied them, their painted faces strangely at peace. Moongwe thought of these things, and said:

"I have done what my mother told me to do—even to wearing this cloth over my shoulders—I will today. But Nauteche's *mama* laughed at me. I could not bear that."

"Nauteche's *mama* need not laugh," rejoined the old priest, rising and looking down at the small man on the sand. "The brother of her mother was a man-woman until he died; and right good service he did for the village and the clan. He was a good man-woman, and he was honored in the councils. If you are a good one, you will be honored."

"I will not be honored," Moongwe announced with resolution, getting also to his little bare feet and standing as straight as he could. "I do not like to wear this cloth upon my back now. When the day of my choosing comes I will tell them that I shall kill myself if they try to make a man-woman of me!"

The priest frowned.

"The *hachinas* will whip you, if you talk like that. Go, see how your mother toils up the stairs with her olla." He pointed to where the blind basketmaker paused at the bluff's edge, her empty gage upon the sky. "She has need of a daughter; your clan has need of children that will not marry and leave it. When the time comes for you to choose, you will make the right choice. You will know that those who love others better than themselves are willing to give up their own happiness. You will be a man-woman."

Silently, Moongwe bent and picked up his square of cloth; it was as though he knelt to the old priest in so doing. With trembling fingers, he adjusted it, and, still in silence, he climbed the trail and led the blind mother home.

All day about a girl's tasks he carried a heavy heart.

When evening came, he stole to the threshold, the *manta* still on his back, pushed the door open and looked out, a shamed thing. Sunset burned, a low, red line, in the west, against which the captive eagles on the flat roofs humped, black and desolate; the high loaves made deeper twilight in the streets and in their Game of the Terror was going on. Out of a doorway leaped a naked, painted man, muscled, a great knife in his hand. This he swung about his head with uncouth yammerings, running a n d bounding down the way. Children fled before him, squealing with delight, aware that the defense against this rude playmate was, if he came too close, to sit down instantly, when, according to the rules of the sport, could not touch them.

Nauteche's *mama*, little Tereva, ran past laughing, her three-cornered, kitten face alight, her big eyes looking from side to side for a playmate; Moongwe drew back with a sobbing breath; he could endure the jeering of the boys, but Tereva's scorn would bite deeper.

Back at the hearth-side his mother was singing to herself as she spread the leaden-blue batter of the *niis* bread on its stone; crooning



"I hate it Why do they make a woman of me?"

the foolish little sons of his babyhood, about *sepus*, the frog, and Moongee, the big owl.

"Go and play with them, my *mana*, my daughter," said the blind woman, speaking on that strange, indrawn breath in which a Hopi woman utters unwelcome words. "They call you."

But Moongee, the son-daughter that was to be, shut the door suddenly and sat down behind its shelter.

II.

FOURTEEN

IT WAS the year of Moongee's choosing.

He had called into a priest at seven; at fourteen his people rated him so; and in this year he had the choice of whether or no he would live a man's life, take him a wife in another clan and leave the blind mother in her empty home, childless, helpless, to the scant charity of a people who worship youth, strength, hardness, and give, as nature does, the husks of bare toleration to age.

He was a beautiful boy, straight of limb, slender as a young poplar by some stream's edge, with thick, shining, black hair rippling to his waist, and long-fingered darts that had begun to glow with red at the tips. The men of the pueblo, seeing how goodly he was, jeered at the thought of his being made into a female slave. They plucked him both on his back as he went to work, and sometimes twitched it off and flung it on the housepost to see if Moongee would break his hot like or fight like a bear. When he had done his young best at punishing the aggressor, and taken punishment himself with a shut mouth, the circle about him would cry out:

"Well done, Moongee! Thou art a man and not a woman. Why dost thou wear no mantle?"

And there was Nautiche's *mana*, Teresa; she was a tall girl, thin, snail, starry-eyed, with quick dimples playing in the bronze folds of her round cheeks; she might have put her hair up in the shining whorls of the squash blossom and sought a husband, but she waited for Moongee. His hated position as a fore-doomed man-woman brought him closer to her; not only that, but that their tastes were the same. Languid at their tasks, they talked of a time when he should have east off his oyle, when he should be a man, and they could be married and live in Teresa's house. The carelessness of childhood forgot what would become of the blind mother; the blood of youth counseled only of his own future with Teresa; the avidness of adolescence made haste the day of his freedom.

The old women are the nighty, silent power behind every movement of the people. These feared to have the burden of the blind basketmaker upon their hands when Moongee should be wedded and gone. A daughter must be made of the son. Gentle creatures, soft spoken, deep bosomed, deep eyed, mothers every one, loving and lovely in spite of the savage trial which had narrowed their grace; they did not fail to mark these conferences with their eyes and to value rightly their hold upon the boy.

Kept outside the mysteries, made only hand-maidens of the temple, they knew when to go for strength in time of need; they planned that Moongee be sent to the Kiwa for a lesson, and urged his clan father to do so bravely with words of power.

"Leave this child to me," said the old man, whose wrinkles now almost hid the glint of his eyes. "Let him fast while the sun goes three times across the heavens, and when it sets the third time bring him to me at the ladder poles of the Kiwa." They fetched him to the priest at evening, three old women hovering about him in that blind-man's-holiday when phantoms are real, and real things become phantoms. Teresa, watching and knowing what his word was to be, made haste to fill a small bowl with the offering of meal which the Hopi carries to the doorsteps of the woman whose son she would wed.

At first, standing in the Kiwa, Moongee listened to everything sullenly, his blanket drawn over his face till but a gleam bespoke that he saw what was about him. He had fasted for three days, and in that time sleep had visited him sparingly. He was dizzy, sick, confused. The underground temple was lighted by a fire of cedar sticks built at the ladder's foot, its smoke going off through the square opening at the top. Through this, also, the boy could see the night sky, high and black, spangled with many stars, and by and by there rode into it a bit of moon like a broken coin.

They were all gathered there to his undoing—elders of the clan, loving friends who had carried Moongee on their backs many a time, and who had fashioned for him gaily-painted bows with daintily feathered darts and swinging plumes, to carry a prayer for true aim.

They smoked and smoked, the long straight-stemmed pipe of the Kiwa, and talked and talked till it seemed to the wretched boy that his living heart was being pulled out of his body. He thought of the spring runnings at the great festivals when the youths are initiated into their clans. The initiates are sent to circle the blue hutes thirty miles away, hauled dim, and shadowy on the horizon like celestial priests at some ceremonial. There came memory of the knee-fall races when one runs joyously naked, and the tennis contend for the little oval stone which they kick before them for ten, for fifteen or twenty miles. These tennis come up to the mesa laughing, intoxicated, mad, with the long race in the thin air. The women and children meet them at the heads of the rude stone stairs with mudons and fruits with freshly roasted ears of corn. Would he be standing among them when the victors came on? He looked forth with the loud rebellion of the weak.

"You cut do this thing to me, because you are strong, I because I am an old man, and you are many," he said thickly, "but when it is done I will kill myself. What will it profit my mother and the clan then? She will have no son or fight like a bear!"

But the old men had seen the inexperience of youth before. They knew how the streams washes away the mud of spring—and how they trickle from pool to pool when summer has reduced their height strength. They let the boy rage, but when he had exhausted his piteous defiance, age and wisdom spoke to him. Heart-sick, he lay on the Kiwa floor. The brown, wrinkled faces circled the fire. After a time, the upbraiding smoke began to take to his eyes the form of beings glad to escape from the Kiwa, fleeing from the curse of the old men's voices.

They chanted the song of the first man-woman. It is a very old song; many of the words have dropped out of the language of today; but when the Kiwa drum added its throbbing under-note like a heart-beat, when the phantoms of their being began to snarl on the notched sticks, the deep voices of the old men baying out the words of the story, enough belonged to the common vernacular to enable Moongee to understand the tale.

The blaze flared, died down, and was replenished. The song had come to that place where the first man-woman, who was a girl and hero, speaks. Moongee was listening, his blanket dropped from before his face, when far away in the night sky, where a great voice hailed, and the circle about the fire hushed itself to harken.

Then once more that long, heart-shaking call came down the wind, scolded through the smoke, and filled the Kiwa. This was the voice of no living man. It was as though a mountain took speech to itself, or a hill shouted.

"Who calls outside?" intoned the Master of the Kiwa.

The reply was nearer. The big voice rang and rolled with mighty reverberation; it uttered in metrical phrases and tuneful cadence; it responded to the men's song.

The boy's heart quivered within him; he could scarcely see or hear, yet he stared up. Against the square of night sky above the ladder he had a vision of a great head, black-masked, leather-crowned, of stony cloud-billows which were the shoulders; the great voice sounded hollow, vast, filling the underground chamber, crying his name.

"Is Moongee there? I have a word for him."

The drum and notched stick burst into cheer. The Master of the Kiwa leaped to his feet fumbling at his buckskin pouch of sacred meal.

"*Ah-ho-gh!* *Ho-gh!*" roared the chorus about the fire. "Enter, son of Tawa. Come to us, first-born of fire and water." Moongee groveled on his face. When he looked up again a wonderful being was coming down the ladder. Ten feet tall was the apparition to Moongee's eyes, the buckskin moccasins had no apparent contact with the rungs as it came down, bounding like a cloud, facing outward, not touching anything with its hands. The figure delayed a moment at the ladder's foot, where broken shadow and shine from



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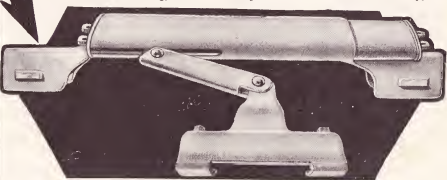
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